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WHAT'S THE ODDS?

Or, The Dumb Jockey of Jeddington.

A Genuine Sporting Novel by Major JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of *Spurring Longford*, *Two Kicks*, &c. &c.

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BY

F. C. BURNAND

AUTHOR OF "Betty," "Thoughts," &c.

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OR,

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BY

F. C. BURNAND.

AUTHOR OF "HAPPY THOUGHTS," "THE RIDE TO KHIVA,"
"THE MODERN SANDFORD AND MERTON,"
"STRAPMORE," ETC.

LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO.,
8, 9, 10, BOUVERIE STREET.
1879.

LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS

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PREFACE.

Dear Smart,

Who the "Major Jawley Sharp"—the supposed author of this novel—might have been, it is now impossible to ascertain. I would not for one moment identify myself with a person who was capable of deceiving a too confiding editor, as he appears to have deceived the Editor of "Punch," where this novel first appeared. My idea on the subject is—but I had better keep it to myself, as, after all, ideas are *scarce, and though there may be more where* that *came from, yet there may* not *be, and one must provide for such a contingency. In this re-issue I have been careful to preserve intact the whole correspondence between*

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this fictitious Major F. S. and the Editor, also your own generous letter at the finish.

Wishing you many happy returns of the day —it is not your birthday, but why shouldn't you have many returns of it whatever it is?

I am,

Yours most sincerely,

F. C. BURNAND.

CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART,
&c. &c.

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INTRODUCTION.

(*The following Correspondence, having reference to the production of a new Sporting Novel in this Journal, is now placed before our Readers, in the hope that they will kindly give it their earliest attention, and accept it as a sufficient Preface to the projected Work.*)

SIR,

HAVING had the great pleasure of meeting you at a friend's house, where the conversation after dinner turned on Fox-hunting and kindred matters, I was struck by a remark of yours to the effect that "you thought the Proprietors of *Bell's Life* had never made such a step in the right direction as when they engaged Captain Hawley Smart," Author of *Two Kisses*, in three volumes—"Very short allowance, by the way," as I observed to you, Sir, at the time—"to

contribute a serial Sporting Novel to their paper."

You may remember, among the other capital things I uttered on that occasion, how I said that *Bell's Life* wanted a *fillip*, and it had got an *Alexander*. By which I meant—but perhaps this is unnecessary to explain to *you*, Sir, who, I am bound to say, though you smiled, did not seem to understand the epigram; for an epigram it *was*, if ever there was one on this earth. However, *passons,—et à nos moutons*. (*French*, you'll observe, Sir.) You then went on to declare that you would give a great deal if you could only get a Sporting Novel in the pages of *P—ch*. I turned *that* over in my mind. The hour was come and the man; or, to put it more sportingly, the man who could tell you "what time of day it was," was before you at that moment, or rather, to be literal and correct, at your side. You could not have told,

from my calm manner of cracking walnuts, what was within my shell at that moment. The laughter rang on, and the shouts went up, and the wine went round, but I was silent. To paraphrase the well-known song, "*And the Cracking of my own Nut was the only Sound I heard.*"

When I got home, Sir, I dashed at it. It was *in* me; out it must come. Yes, there *was* a Sporting Novel in me somewhere, and so you may look for it shortly. A good candle needs no bushel; and before many hours are past the first chapters shall be in your intelligent hands. I believe *you*, Sir, are ready to admit your ignorance of sporting matters entirely. Now, though I say it who perhaps should not, yet if I don't, who will? except perhaps my good friend, Captain Hawley Smart, whose generous nature (there is real Freemasonry among all true sportsmen) would be only too delighted to

welcome an honest rival in the field where he has already won his spurs—his "Latchfords," as we of the craft style 'em—but, as I was saying of myself, there is not in England a man who knows more about Sporting than myself; and but that there cannot be two *Richmonds* in the field—I should say *Bell's Life*, not *Field*—at the same time, I would long ago have complied with your request, which was to the effect that I should "throw my leg over that spicy tit Pegasus, pluck a quill out of his wings, crack my caduceus, give him his head, and clear the Rubicon" (which was precious little more than a muddy ditch, and wanted "clearing" as much as my bagful of scents and cigars does, when I am *de retour* from the Continong), "at a single bound."*

* *Note by the Editor.*—Several times during the perusal of this communication have we been on the

Where my dear friend and fellow-sporting novelist, Hawley, would have been when once

point of laying it down, and deliberating as to whether we should consider ourselves bound, by any casual statement made, *over nuts*, after dinner at a friend's house. "And Brutus is an honourable man; so are we all, all honourable men"—and, indeed, were it not for this firm conviction, on our part, of our intending Contributor's integrity and good faith—*excellent qualities, even when brought into play under a mistaken sense of duty*—we should not be inclined to proceed any further with a gentleman who suggests (to say the least of it) that *we* formulated a request to the effect that he would "*throw his leg over that spicy tit, Pegasus*"—good heavens!—and that "he should "*crack his caduceus.*" Now *we do* know what a *caduceus* is, and it is most improbable (of course not absolutely impossible, if in mere playfulness, just to moisten the nuts,—though of this we protest, warmly protest, we have no recollection whatever) that *we*, in our senses, should have ever asked Major Jawley Sharp to commit any such absurdity as is implied in

I had taken up the running, it is not for my modesty to say. He might have just caught

the operation of "*cracking a caduceus.*" On the other hand, we must be honest, and admit that, as we were engaged on walnuts at the moment, something about "cracking" might have escaped our lips, and subsequently our memory. We have, ere now, cracked both jokes and walnuts at a sitting, and remember neither the one nor the other in detail. But we are nothing if not classical; and that we ever on any occasion mixed up a *caduceus* with a hunting-whip, is what we are unwilling for one minute to allow. There was probably an interval between the two conversations, and, perhaps, our esteemed Son of Mars and Votary of Diana—a description of the sportsman-warrior, which is at once *classical* and *correct*, and *therefore, in our own scholarly style*—carried the spoils of our conversation with him, so to speak, to his tent, and there, afterwards, tried to fit the pieces together, and produce something like the original. Again, having brought in Pegasus and the caduceus, *we* should never have mentioned "the *Rubicon*" in the

sight of the silver thread in *Pegasus'* tail, as we popped over the double Bullfinch, flew the post and rails (including the sleepers), and disappeared from view. "*D'ye ken John Piel?*" W-w-whoop! and away! "*For the sound of the horn,*" &c. That's the poetry for my money, and this will be the sporting novel for *yours.* Isn't the hunting season commencing, and am I not up to time? *Let my fellow-sporting novelist look to his laurels!* And, by the way, when I had a cottage in the country, we found a Fox in the Laurels. And now, Sir, *Tallyho!* and I can't say fairer than *that,*—except that, if you choose to repudiate, I shall send this

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same breath. Reluctantly constrained to pause and say this much in our own defence, as against the worthy Major's reminiscences, we resume our perusal of his letter in a conciliatory spirit, and shall be pleased, if we see our way to it, to give the gallant sportsman a place in our columns.—ED.

invaluable work of mine to *Reynard's Miscellany.* But you won't, I know you won't. Only please do not attempt to edit me—I mean unless you are thoroughly up in sporting phrases and sporting life generally—it would be, on your part, a thankless and hopeless task. "*Trust me*," as Mr. Millais' picture said. I know all about it. *Nunquam dormio! omnis oculus meus!* And let our cry be "*Fox*" *et præterea Nil!*

Yours to hounds,

JAWLEY SHARP

(Late of the Indi Spensibles).

P.S.—Ours was a crack corps, and the best whist-players in the Service. By Jove, Sir, we've seen life! But not a word against our moral character! We lived amongst the Ayahs, the Nautches, and the Bayadères,—"*Bayards parmi les Bayadères, sans peur et sans reproche.*"

WHAT'S THE ODDS?

OR,

The Dumb Jockey of Jeddington.*

CHAPTER I.

"STRIKING HIM WITH A FEATHER."

IT was morning at Jeddington, the event of the year, the Derby, was just over, and the snow

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* *From the Editor to Major Jawley Sharp.*—You've changed the name! It *was* to have been *A Hatful of Money*. Why?

Major Jawley Sharp to the Editor.—Friend of my youth, haven't you ever heard of changing your name for property? Well, Sir, I think this Sporting Novel will be a better property under the new title. It is enough for *me* to think so; but I will give a satisfactorily artistic reason. Observe, it has a *second* title.

lay bright and sparkling like crystals on the ground. As usual, the Great Race of the year

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This is to attract those who never read anything but what is sensational; and if *The Dumb Jockey of Jeddington* doesn't fetch that section of the public, I'm dumb'd—and I cannot put it less strongly or more genteelly than that. If, Sir, you only knew what trouble I've had to find out a place in England beginning with "J," so as to fit in, alliteratively, with "Jockey," you would be the last person to attempt finding a flaw in my title-deed, and the first to send me a congratulatory letter, containing a *rouleau* of real genuine "stuff"—as we turfites call it. Now, Sir, I have been frank and free with you. "Honest Jawley" was always my name at school, and I am proud to say that, as long as I can manage it, it shall be my *sobriquet* through life. You must come down and spend a couple of months here with me. I've a lovely quiet horse for you—just the thing. Say when.—J. S.

From the Editor to Major Jawley Sharp.—Highly satisfactory. Get on. Your kind invitation I would

had been won by one of the Jeddington Lot—born, bred, and trained in the Jeddington

avail myself of with pleasure, only your letter does not bear your address; and the elderly lady who opened the door in that siding out of Chapel Street West, where your name is engraved on the brass plate under the second bell handle, could give me no information on the subject. Drop me a line here. Always ready to shake off the business cobwebs, and rush into the champagney air of the country. I do not care much about hunting; but, if the nag is very quiet, no one would enjoy a morning on horseback more than would yours truly, THE EDITOR.

Major Jawley Sharp to the Editor.—All right. Old woman in Chapel Street is a very old servant in our family. She's been with the Jawley Sharps for years, and her father and mother before her. Dear old lady! I still retain her on my establishment for past services; and, after all, you know, to belong to an old family engenders ties between master and servant which are unintelligible to the *parvenu.* Bless dear old Margery! She's very deaf, and uncommonly

stables. It is not given to every man to win a Derby even once in a lifetime. Great men have lived and died and never won a Derby. Aristophanes and Lord George Bentinck are examples in point. But old Sir Thomas Dodd, Bart., had managed it. Regularly every year the Derby winner had come from Jeddington, and Sir Thomas Dodd had been the owner.

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sagacious. I don't think you'd get anything out of *her*, though she might out of *you*. I was annoyed she didn't show you into the dining-room, and give you luncheon when you called; but the fact is, the little bachelor crib is in such disorder when I'm at my hunting quarters, that the good old soul was unprepared for visitors. *Au revoir!* Mind you come down here. Everything ready for you—gun, horse, dogs, and French cook and valet all to yourself? Say *when*, that's all—merely say when. Yours, heartily, J. S.

Reply by Editor to Major Jawley Sharp.—Yes, I will say "*when*" if you will say "*where.*" No country address, so I send this to Chapel Street West.—Ed.

But old Sir Thomas was not immortal, and having only a nephew, Sir Tommy Todd, Junior, the time arrived when the uncle was compelled by the stern monitor of the human race to make room for his nephew.

Sir Tommy Dodd came into the estates—worth about sixty-five thousand a year (Land-tax redeemed)—hampered only by one condition, *viz.*, *That, if he did not lose three Derbys in succession, not merely by a neck, or a length, but by his horse coming in absolutely last of all, the whole property would pass at once to a near relative, the* Honourable Pullman Carr, who would be saddled with precisely the same condition. If, after trying several other members of the family, the Derby was still being won by the Jeddington Lot, the property was to return to Sir Tommy Dodd, the same condition as before existing, and from him to the Honourable Pullman Carr, and so on again. Only there was this proviso,

that, if Sir Tommy should marry and there should appear a son and heir, then the Honourable Pullman Carr would come into the property —"but," so the wording of the will went, "*Not before the Boy.*"

Hard stipulations to come from the feathered goosequill in the nervous hand of the old, good, kind-hearted, generous, port-wine-drinking, sport-loving, venerable Baronet, who thus passed away, and, in making room for his nephew, had, indeed, struck him with a feather.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH IS THE FAVOURITE?

ROUND the cheery fire in the fine old ancestral Music Hall belonging to the Dodds, which had lately been fitted up with a sliding roof for the amusement of the guests in winter, sat a pleasant and aristocratic company.

"Tommy," said the Honourable Pullman Carr, slowly puffing his regalia. "I'll lay you twenty thousand pounds to a sovereign that the Derby Loser is not in your stables this year."

"Done!" replied Sir Tommy.

"Tommy Dodd! Tommy Dodd!" cried several voices from various corners of the hall, "on with you again!"

"Done with you all—at the price," said Sir Tommy, booking the bets. "And now," he added, "suppose we go and look at the lot."

They all rose as one man. The sporting instinct was strong on them.

"I'll go with you," exclaimed a light, ringing, musical voice.

"Lady Di!" cried Sir Tommy, "why we shall be only too charmed."

"Of course—charmed," repeated the Honourable Pullman, in his low sneering voice.

Lady Di regarded him with superlative disdain. She was a marvellously handsome woman was Lady Diana Briteleigh, possessed originally of locks that the most raven-ous raven might have envied.*

* There are several things I want to ask. I do not pretend to be a sporting man. But why should a "raven envy anyone's locks"? I own to not being a skilled naturalist, but have ravens locks? You who

To be a Blonde, however, she thought would suit her better. So Blonde she became, and perhaps to Black she would return. She was

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live so much in the country, (*where?* by the way—don't forget to send address next time) ought to know all these things, and you are, I've no doubt, perfectly correct. Secondly, how about the Derby being run in the winter? Such is your meaning, as I gather from your opening chapter, unless you only allude to that exceptional Derby, about four years or so ago, which was run in a snowstorm. Mind I don't pretend to any knowledge of sport myself, and trust implicitly to *you.* Only remember the eyes of the Sporting Public are on you. Yours truly, THE EDITOR.

From Major Jawley Sharp to the Editor.—Dear EDDY. I never frequent a "Sporting Public." You won't pick up the real information there. Trust me. *I'm in it.* You're not. Come down here, and spend Sunday. Best of everything on hand. Yours ever, J. S.

[But no address.—ED.]

highly popular with men, and, as a natural consequence, equally adored by her own sex.

"Blonde is the Jeddington colour now, Tommy," she whispered, in her sweetest low tone. Hers was a rich contralto voice; and her highest speaking-note was, to put it musically, "C under line."

"Yes," she used to say to her sparkling Mamma, "I am all down among the coals; and my voice is more like Newcastle-under-Line than double C." She was still unmarried. Her Aunt, who had married the Russian Prince, Stepitoff, accompanied her everywhere, except on the piano.

Hanging on Sir Thomas's other arm was the beautiful Brunette, Mrs. Asgood Azamyle, the youngest widow in the world, and the most fascinating woman in the country. Sir Thomas looked from one to the other, and pressed the fair arm of each alternately.

"Where's poor Button, your Stud-Groom?" asked Lady Di, as she passed, leaning on Sir Thomas's arm, through the door towards the Training Stables at the back of the house.

"You have only to ask, and he will appear," replied Sir Thomas, producing a clear, bell-like whistle, by the most natural means possible.

"How simple," exclaimed Mrs. Asgood Azamyle, ecstatically; "you have everything at your fingers' ends."

He pressed her gloved palm with his right hand, while with his left he warmly grasped the little eight-and-a-quarter kid that concealed from the prying gaze the delicately turned fingers of the lovely Lady Di.

The Honourable Pullman Carr gave a low sneering laugh, as, linking his arm in that of the noble Italian sportsman, Count Farrago di Nonsenza, he whispered maliciously, "Which is the favourite?"

At this instant the gay party was suddenly startled by a loud report, followed by a piercing shriek, issuing from the Training Stables.

Sir Thomas burst open the door and ran into the yard.

CHAPTER III.

"THE JEDDINGTON DODD LOT."

THE report that had so startled them was soon explained by Mr. Stringhalt, the accomplished Trainer. "We've just been firing a Colt," said Mr. Stringhalt.

Sir Thomas Dodd was satisfied. "Mr. Stringhalt," he said, addressing his Trainer, "Don't fire any more Colts just now, because of the Ladies."

"I won't, Sir Thomas," was the obsequious reply. "The fact is, that this would not have happened, only the fetlock caught in something, snapped, and the Colt went off of its own accord."

"Oh, do let us go all over the Stables!" exclaimed Lady Di Briteleigh, rapturously.

"Oh, let's!" exclaimed Mrs. Asgood Azamyle, not to be outdone by her brilliant rival.

"How happy could I be with either!" murmured Sir Thomas, as he bent his left eye on Lady Di, at the same time turning his right full on the attractive Mrs. Azamyle.

The Honourable Pullman Carr frowned, and pinched Count Farrago's arm, who, not to be behindhand, retaliated with a kick.

The Jeddington training-stables were a marvel of neatness. They were most conveniently situated between the house and the race-course, where Sir Thomas had won so many Derbys.

The Trainer beckoned to an elegant young man, who was lounging in a Japanese arm-chair, in dressing-gown and slippers, inhaling

one of the choicest bandannas that money could procure. By his expansive shirt-front of the purest white, which formed an admirable setting for his large diamond studs, anyone could immediately tell what capacity their wearer filled in these Stables. Evidently he was the Stud Groom.

With an easy bow he advanced, and proffered his services as *cicerone* to the party.

It was a thoroughly sporting scene, as Mr. William Button (the Stud Groom) pointed out. In one corner there was a fine Dorking Hen laying the odds. In another, a sleek-coated Race-Horse was backing himself against a wall. A dead Mouse lay in the middle of the yard, and a fast-trotting Cob was walking over the corse. The temperature was perfect, and the thermometer registered a dead heat.

Mr. Stringhalt's family of ten children—all

of them of such a decided Japanese type as to have won them the name of "the Flat Race" —lived over the Stables, and the butcher, who had just arrived, was carrying in the Nursery Steaks; while Mrs. Stringhalt, a cheery, elderly woman, was putting the pot on. Just outside, where the garden joined the yard, the gardeners were busily engaged in hedging, and Mr. Stringhalt's eldest boy was trying to train a horse-chestnut over a low fence; while the second was watching a caterpillar on a mulberry leaf, and asking his brother, "Will it spin, Obadiah? will it spin?"

"Now," said Mr. William Button (who was as proud of the horses under his care as a grandmother of her youngest grandchild), "I will show you our Derby pets. First of all, you shall see our Twentybob Mare."

He led the way towards the Pound.

"Twentybob in the Pound," said the Stud

Groom, admiringly. "And you won't get more change out of any horse than that."

Everyone admired her massive ribs, her short, curved back, and her long silver tail.

"A little slipped in the forehand," observed the Honourable Pullman Carr, quietly.

"*You* know, Sir, where the fault lies," returned the Stud Groom, who had some respect for the Honourable P.'s opinion.

And they walked on towards that peculiar building which, in all training stables, is called the Mansion House. Here they naturally expected to see the Mare. They were not disappointed.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed both Ladies, pressing Sir Thomas's arm.

It was indeed a sight to rejoice the heart of any true lover of Sport.

They were looking at a splendid Mare lying in a soft, downy Mare's Nest. She was absorbed

in profound thought, brooding over her lot. "She can't help it," the Stud Groom observed. "She belongs to the genuine stock of Brood Mares, and they all do it."

Suddenly a twittering carol of birds broke on their ears. The Ladies looked about amazed. There were no feathered songsters visible.

The Stud Groom smiled. "It's the Thrushes the Mare's always got. They sing on a fine summer morning like this," the Trainer, who had now joined the party, explained.

Mr. Stringhalt, the Trainer, might have added that he encouraged music in his stables. Outside, a quintette of Grooms might have been observed with their pipes, taking their time and their tune from the Chief Ostler, who was giving it them with his pitchfork; while each horse lazily leaned back in his stall, listening to the melody, and some few put their heads

out of their private boxes, and either nodded affirmatively, or said "Neigh" distinctly.*

"Look here!" said the Trainer, drawing their attention to an animal in a box. "Here's one

---

* *From the Editor to Major Jawley Sharp.*—We (speaking editorially) feel bound to ask you a few questions. We do *not* profess to be sporting, but haven't you slightly over-coloured the picture of the Stud Groom and the Training Stables?

From Major Jawley Sharp to the Editor.—Not a bit. Haven't I said "they were a marvel of neatness"? This carefully-chosen expression fore-stalls (as we used to say at Doncaster when I kept four race-horses in as many stalls) *all* objections. Depend upon *me*, my friend, for my sketches are *from life. Nil dubitandum.* Did you ever drive a tand*u*m, by the way? If so, you would understand my motto, "*Nil dubitandum, nil desperandum*," *i.e.*, "When driving an uncertain team in a tand*u*m (old style of spelling), don't go at rand*u*m.—Yours ever, J. S.

P.S.—Come down, and see us. By the way, just

of our Derby pets. This is the *Invisible Prince*, out of *Sight* by *Jingo*."

She was a beautiful bit of skin was this brood-foal. Her legs were long and sinewy, with a good round, firm, swelling knee, well curved outwards—a sign that there was no bend sinister in her pedigree. Her left hock was still, her right hock was sparkling, just the sort you'd expect in a winner of a Champagne cup. Her shoulders drooped a little, giving the notion of extraordinary force and great staying power. This was *the* one point that Sir Thomas went for with all his might and main. By the provisions of the will he was compelled not only to *lose*, but to come

---

for sport look in at Billingsgate Market, and bring down a Bag Fox with you. No difficulty in train. Tip the guard, and he'll let you put him under the seat. A leather carpet-bag will carry him as well as anything, and not attract attention.

in absolutely last of all, for three Derbys in succession. Hitherto all his horses *would* win. If he could but find *one* mare with sufficient staying power to stay behind all the others, his estates were secure to him for the rest of his life. Therefore, on the *Invisible Prince* all Sir Thomas Dodd's hopes were centred.

Lady Di could not restrain her admiration.

"She has a tail of which a rat might be proud," she cried enthusiastically.

"She's right in the mane," chimed in Mrs. Azamyle.

"A more perfect nose I never saw," said the Honourable Pullman.

"*Il naso Romano*," cried the delighted Count Ferrago, as good a judge of horseflesh as ever crossed the Pyrenees.

"And something of the Hebraic in it," added Sir Thomas; "or, I should say, more correctly, of the Royal Judaic type, which, in this peculiar

breed, has long been the distinguishing mark of the old Clothes' Horse."

"The Baron would be glad to welcome him in his Stables," murmured the Honourable Pullman, as he patted the animal's proboscis.

"We have another Derby mare," observed Mr. William Button, carelessly. "She is named *Moka*, by *Sawney Beanie*, out of *Chicory;* at least, that is how I have entered her in the Registry. She is handsomely marked, you'll observe," he added, as he opened a small lattice in order to allow the visitors to get a peep at the animal in question. "She has the true length and delicate acuteness of ear, and the two dark stripes on the shoulders, which are the genuine signs of great staying and much enduring power. Should *Invisible Prince* fail, it is quite on the cards for *Moka* to lose a Derby for us. I have taken her in hand myself," added Mr. Button, with some pride.

He had originally been in a *Cirque*, and it would have taken a clever quadruped to show him in a quarter of an hour more tricks than he could teach any one of them in five minutes.

The stable-gates were thrown open, and a young lady drove in. She was radiant as the morning, and wore a Gainsborough hat of magnificent dimensions.

"Gussy Gandar!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, and in another minute they were locked in each other's arms, while the rest of the party were considerably shut up. When they were unlocked, Miss Gussy and Sir Thomas went up to the House, skipping like a young heir and heiress in March, quite oblivious of the party they had left behind in the stable.

"*Andiamo!*" said Count Farrago, shrugging his shoulders. "*Cospetto! Il Bacio! Corpo di Baccy!*" And the good-natured foreigner lit

a cigar, and strolled in the direction of Newmarket.

Mrs. Asgood Azamyle seized the Honourable Pullman Carr by the right arm, Lady Di grasped him by the left.

"He must not marry *her!*" they both hissed in his ears. For a time jealousy of a common object had united the rivals. But Gussy was no common object. The Honourable Pullman Carr felt this strongly.

"I must have the estate, and Sir Tommy Dodd *must win* three Derbys in succession. Whatever happens, the *Invisible Prince* must *not* come in last. Yet, with such legs, and such a marvellous staying power, how can it be prevented? The question is, who will be put up to ride? and can I get at him? Who will it be?"

"I!" said a low, distinct voice, issuing from a dark corner.

The Ladies started to their feet. They had been previously on their knees, imploring the Honourable Pullman.

A tall man, far over the average height, and burly in proportion, weighing thirty stone if he weighed a pound, stood before them. He was dressed in full jockey costume, including armour-plates, which, owing to the provisions of the will necessitating weight carrying to any amount, constituted the *de rigueur* racing attire of a Tommy Dodd Boy.

"Who are you?" asked the Honourable Pullman.

"My name is Cavasson," answered the warrior-like figure, "and I am the Dumb Jockey* of Jeddington."

The Ladies screamed, for at that moment

* I am far from wishing to interfere with the story, but how could it be the *Dumb* Jockey when he is

they caught sight of a brilliant pair of keen, eager eyes watching them through the stone wall. To clear this at a bound was, with the Honourable Pullman, the work of a moment.

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made to speak? You'll excuse the question, I know. I am but anticipating an objection on the part of the readers. Yours ever, THE EDITOR.

Major Jawley Sharp to the Editor.—My dear Sir, this is part of the plot. What interest could possibly be felt in a dumb Jockey who *didn't* speak? Why, the curiosity *must* be roused by the fact of the Dumb Jockey speaking! "How did he do it?" "Why did he do it?" "Was he *really* dumb?" Don't you see? That's the way we do the trick! When *are* you coming down to my little place in Hampshire? The Ladies are dying to meet you. Yours, J. S.

The Editor to Major Jawley Sharp.—I'm ready. But you've again forgotten to put in your address. — ED.

CHAPTER IV.

"CONSPIRATORS."

THE glittering eyes which, peering through the stone wall, had startled the two Ladies, belonged to Lawyer Ferret. His eyes were as sharp as he was himself; in fact, they were his pupils.

"I can see through a stone wall as well as most people," said Lawyer Ferret, in an undertone, to the Honourable Pullman. "Come," he added, looking carefully about, "the women have gone up to Town; the coast is clear. We will talk over this in my office."

In another hour the Honourable Pullman was seated in Lawyer Ferret's *sanctum*.

"The Jeddington Dodd property is safe to

come to me, and we shall both be millionnaires, if you can insure Sir Thomas's winning the next three Derbys," said the Honourable Pullman.

Lawyer Ferret looked up at him from under his eyebrows.

"It shall be done. I'll take six-fourths. You'll have five-thirds." He was hard at a bargain was old Lawyer Ferret.

"Good! Your plan?"

Lawyer Ferret considered a moment, then he replied,—

"I know *all* the Jockeys, including Cavasson the Dumb Jockey. I will buy them *all.* There will be one hundred and twenty starters for the Derby. They will all curb up their horses, hold them well in, and flog and spur the *Invisible Prince,* so that he *must* go. Whatever it costs, whatever time it takes, the *Invisible Prince* will be bound to come in first, as the others won't move a step without his being well

ahead. If Cavasson should fail us, he must be poisoned."

"Yes," answered the Honourable Pullman, as he leisurely cocked his hat.

This action did not pass unobserved by Lawyer Ferret. It was not the first time he had seen a hat cocked right before his eyes, and had waited for it to go off, unflinchingly.

Whatever might have been the Honourable Pullman's original intention in cocking his hat, he had evidently given up any notion of injury to Lawyer Ferret, as he only nodded to the latter, and allowed his hat to remain on his head, while he took himself off.

A brougham pulled up outside the door. In it was Lady Di.

"Pullman!" she exclaimed, as the Honourable P. came up smiling, "here are one thousand pounds for you. More if Sir Thomas does *not* marry Gussy."

"He shall not," answered the Honourable P. "Come to the Meet to-morrow. Gussy rides a fresh horse. Accidents will happen. You understand?"

"Perfectly. Tell the Coachman to drive to Gunter's. It is so insufferably hot. See you at the Opera to-night. Ta, ta!" And off dashed the spanking ten-guinea stepper, with the miniature brougham, and the three Flunkeys in pink silk-stockings and gorgeous liveries, hanging on for dear life behind.

As the Honourable Pullman pocketed the note, a rap on the hat from an elegant riding-whip caused him to look up.

"I thought I knew the tap," exclaimed the Honourable Pullman as he put up his glass, and drank in the liquid intoxication of Mrs. Asgood Azamyle's sparkling eyes.

"Your news?" she asked, as, with the skill of a perfect *équestrienne,* she gave her horse his

head, which was all he wanted to make him perfect. Like most Ladies, Mrs. Azamyle allowed all her horses to eat their heads off in the stable, so that it required no mean veterinary knowledge on her part to supply the defect, and complete their symmetry. This she had now done.

"Ah, Mrs. Azamyle," said the Honourable Pullman, "you will be glad to hear that I am arranging it all to your satisfaction. Gussy will be thrown over to-morrow, *you 'll see.* Sir Thomas will win three Derbys in succession, and the property will be *mine.* Will you be mine also?"

"How much are the Jeddington Dodd estates worth?" was Mrs. Azamyle's adroit reply. She was a master of the art of fence in conversation.

"Oh, about two hundred million a year," was the careless rejoinder. "Just enough to scrape along on."

"I'm there!" returned Mrs. Azamyle.

"You will be out hunting to-morrow, of course," called out the Honourable Pullman, as the fair equestrian turned her horse in the direction of Rotton Row, which was as usual crowded with the *haut ton* of society.*

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* *The Editor to Major Jawley Sharp.*—My dear Sir, surely there's no hunting in Summer. For of course this is intended for Summer. The Opera season going on, and Ladies oppressed by the heat going from Rotten Row to Gunter's. We, speaking Editorially, never heard of hunting in Summer.—ED.

Jawley Sharp to the Editor.—What! no hunting in Summer!! I suppose you'll say there's no fishing next. I do not pretend to describe ordinary events, though there's nothing very *extra*ordinary in a good run with a July Fox. Evidently you don't understand sporting. But come down here, and I'll put you up to a thing or two. Of course I'll put you up anyhow, and not anyhow, but in first-rate style. Now let me explain about a "July Fox." A "July Fox" is not

"Of course," she replied; and then added, in a tone of significant enquiry, "How about the Ditch?"

The Honourable Pullman nodded. They understood one another.

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to be found in *every* county. It is a Fox not of the present, but of the previous year, and should more correctly be described as a "*last year's Fox.*" He won't keep till the following winter, and so they are obliged to hunt him in July, so as to get him out of the way before the Cub season sets in. Of course this is a mere matter of A, B, C to any sportsman. And as to "no hunting in July"!! 'Gad, Sir, I should like to see the man who doesn't prefer that season of the year to any other. My dear friend, *you* know *your* business, *I* know *mine. Jam satis.*—J. S.

CHAPTER V.

"THE HUNT IS UP."

THE Spring had passed, the Summer had well set in. Bright Chanticleer proclaimed the morn, and Sir Thomas was out with his hounds before 11 A.M.

Cavasson, the Dumb Jockey, was mounted on *Invisible Prince.*

"Nothing like hunting to train for the Derby," was Mr. Stringhalt's opinion.

Sir Thomas was in high spirits. He had just put spurs to his horse,* which now strutted about

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* *From the Editor to Major Jawley Sharp.*—Sir, surely "putting spurs to a horse" does not mean what you evidently intend it should mean here. Of

as proud as a fighting cock. Gussy Gandar was mounted on a sweet cream, which she whipped occasionally.

According to agreement, and in order to carry out their nefarious designs, the Honourable Pullman and Lawyer Ferret have escorted Lady Di and Mrs. Azamyle to a ditch, in which they all sat down, well hidden from view, in

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course I only ask for information, but—does it?—Yours, ED.

From Major Jawley Sharp to the Editor.—Dear Neddy, of course it does. Why, any infant in the nursery could have told you *this*. Don't you remember "*Ride a Cock-horse to Banbury Cross*," &c., &c.? And would a "cock-horse" be complete without *spurs?* I grant you that the expression is a stable technicality, and is, probably, founded on a very old English custom. But if you want to see the sort of thing I *do* mean, run down here.—J. S.

From the Editor to the Major.—Nothing would give me greater pleasure. But—*the address?*—ED.

order to watch the horse, the man, and the woman in whom they took such a tremendous interest.

"I have arranged everything," said Sir Thomas to Gussy, as hand in hand they flew a bullfinch.

"Delighted, dear Tom, to hear it," replied his fair companion, as she cleared a haw-haw, preparatory to giving a light silvery laugh.

"Yes," he went on, after blowing his horn, and giving the view halloa to the Bagman,*

* *From the Editor to Major Jawley Sharp.*—My very dear Sir, I am *not* an Anti-Vivisectionist, but in the interests of humanity I have tried to soften down this chapter as much as possible. When, in Chapter IV., you spoke of hunting in summer, I naturally thought you meant Fox-hunting, and your letter corroborated this notion. But now, Sir, I find you mean Man-hunting. It is useless for you to deny this, as I have asked several eminent sportsmen, and one and all tell me that "to hunt a Bagman" is

who, with the pack at his back, made for the bright, sweet-scented clover-field. "Yes, dear,

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most unusual, though, perhaps, when a Fox *cannot be obtained* (as *e.g.* in summer, I suppose), it may occasionally be allowable. I gather, from information I have received, that some impecunious Commercial Traveller is selected for his knowledge of the country, and is then started with a red herring, or a bag of aniseed, which serves as scent for the hounds. This is a sufficiently cruel pastime by itself, and it is shameful to think that the poor Bagman, after a severe run, should be caught and worried, as you describe, by the dogs. But, good heavens, Sir, you are not in earnest, you *cannot* be, when you go on to say that the successful huntsman cuts off the unhappy Bagman's head and tail!!! Of course this is the spice *you* have given to the romance, and therefore, as we appeal to the *general public*, and reckon on the support of *Lady readers*, as well as *unsporting Gentlemen*, I have taken upon myself to throw in a little tender touch—in the way of epithets, and by an allusion to his funeral and his poor family—just to

by my influence I've induced the members of the Turf Committee and the Jockey Club to give the Three Derbys in one day. I shall run the same mare—either the *Invisible Prince* or *Moka*—for all the three. They're both being most carefully trained not to start or go one inch. The *Invisible* is beautifully broken in. She has opium every morning, lettuces, hay, clover, rye, bread, dumplings, apples, buns, and buckets of water; everything, in fact, she can eat and drink, and as often as possible."

"And *Moka?*" asked Gussy.

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soften down this "Bagman hunting," which, otherwise, would be really worse than any Bulgarian atrocity.—Yours, Ed.

Major Jawley Sharp to the Editor. (*By Wire. In haste.*)—Don't touch a line. It's all right. Real sport, every word of it, and you'll spoil it.

The Editor to Major Jawley Sharp.—Too late.

"Getting on fine. She's out on the sands, with the boys, from morning to night at sixpence an hour."

They drew near a sunk fence, with a ditch on either side, surmounted by spikes, and a stream running swiftly between the boundaries.

The Lawyer, the Honourable Pullman, and the two Ladies secreted in the ditch, held their breath. Suddenly, as Gussy's horse rose in the air, Lawyer Ferret jumped up and made a hideous grimace. Gussy's horse, startled by the apparition, swerved, and fell heavily against Sir Thomas's hunter, and in another moment both were in the river, and she was safe in his arms, safe as the bank where he had just deposited his treasure.

"I am thine for ever!" she murmured.

The hounds were in full cry. The unhappy and panting Bagman, much worried by the dogs, had headed them, and crossing the corn-

fields, was now all among the barley, and rolling in the grass among the buttercups and daisies.

Cries of "Tally ho!" "Yeo ho!" "Heave ahead!" "Yoicks!" and "Half a turn a-starn!" now arose from the mouths of the Huntsmen. Poor Puss was hard pressed. In another second the dogs were on him, when they suddenly lost the scent, took up an old trail, got on the slot, and streamed away for another county. In vain the field halloo'd. Only old *Harbinger*, the veteran hound of the true Scotch breed, was true to his instincts, but he was too weak to tackle the infuriated Bagman, who would have made short work of him, had it not been that Sir Thomas, seeing the unfortunate wretch about to rush at poor Gussy, jumped off his horse, and drawing the hunting-knife which hung at his belt, cut off his head and tail at one slice.

Then the Hunters struck up a chorus, and rode merrily home, while four stout retainers

bore on a litter the body of the luckless Bagman, who would never more travel that road again.

Of course the poor Bagman, who had thus hardly earned the money for his starving family, was buried, at Sir Thomas's expense, in the village churchyard, and his wife and children were handsomely provided for by the members of the Jeddington Hunt.

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"We have failed to-day," said the conspirators, as they crept out of the ditch, and wended their way home again up to London through the muddy lanes with rueful countenances. "We have failed to-day; but our turn will come."

The Honourable Pullman eyed Lawyer Ferret narrowly.

"To-morrow the Three Derbys will be run," said the crafty Lawyer. "*That* we know. To-

night I buy the Jockeys, and the game is ours. Ha! ha!"

It was an anxious night—the night before the Three Derbys.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE TREBLE EVENT."

ALL the bright-toned joyous music of a brilliant morning heralded in the great day of the Treble Event. Three Derbys in one day was something almost unparalleled in the history of the English Turf, and mighty was the surging crowd that came from all quarters to the Sussex Downs. Soldiers were there; sailors, of course, were there, led by the gallant Admiral, with his crew of fine old weather-beaten Epsom Salts, who would not have missed such a sight, no, not for the best, highest-mettled Spanish Chestnut that ever was foaled.

Hither came the million, hither came the *millionnaires*. By road came the aristocratic

drags of the Royal Humane Society, starting from their head-quarters by the Serpentine, with their spanking tits; then by river came the crews of the Universities, still in training for their great water-course, and the winner of the *Grand Prix*, in all the glory of his new satin riband recently won on the French Turf. Hither came Royalty with its sixteen horses, its equerries, its outriders, its carabineers, and its detachment of Life Guards. Then the Russian Imperial Duchess, preceded by the Courier of St. Petersburg riding six horses at once, and guiding them with bright coloured-reins. Then the world-famed Silver Trumpets were heard, as the Lord Mayor, with his suite, dashed past the saluting point, gracefully raising his plumed cocked hat to the occupants of the Royal Box.

Close upon these the Starter * was carried

* *From the Editor to Major Jawley Sharp.*—Dear Sir,—You must be wrong. I mean, at least, are you

past, ready equipped for the race, borne aloft, in his loose box, by four bookmakers, followed by a well-trained *troupe* of Monkeys on Ponies, emblematical of the Ring. Behind him waved

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certain you are *quite* right in your information about "the Starter"? Surely, my dear Major, "the Starter" —as I, at least, have always been given to understand —is the person who claps his hands, or fires a pistol, or rings a bell, or says "One, two, three, and away!" to the Jockeys? Isn't it so? I write under correction, but *isn't* it so?—Yours truly, ED.

From Major Jawley Sharp to the Editor.—My dear but unsporting friend, you are nowhere in these matters. You're not "in it." Just see what a mess you made of my hunting chapter last week by your meddling with "the Bagman," which *you* thought was a Commercial Traveller (!) instead of a Fox in a bag. I know all about "the *Starter*." And, once for all, let me ask, are *you* writing this Sporting Novel, *or am I?* But, in the name of common sense and the English language, what does "*a Reader*" mean? Why, "one who reads." "A Smoker" is "one who

the banner of the Turf, with the motto, "There is another and a Betting world."

All eyes are, for a moment, fixed on the Starter. On him, in fact, the Derby entirely depends. It is the fundamental and most necessary rule of the Jockey Club that "*Without one starter there shall be no Derby.*" Consequently it is incumbent on the Turf authorities to provide a Starter, whose duty it is to be *booted and spurred and in the saddle*, ready to supply the place of any, or of all the defaulters. If none came to the post, the Starter would then start by himself, and walk over the course. This has only happened twice in the last hundred and fifty years, once being the celebrated *Neigh Buddie's* year. Up to the last moment of his

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smokes," &c., &c. And a Starter is "one who starts." Excuse warmth; but, hang it, do *not* attempt to correct me in sporting and turf technicalities. Yours ever, JAWLEY SHARP.

being shown to the people, the "Starter" is kept, by the official trainers, wrapped up in cotton wool, to guard against the slightest chance of his being scratched before the race.

In front of the throne where H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was seated, were stationed a picked body-guard of splendid men from his own Principality. All eyes are on the celebrated corps of Royal Welshers, with their banneret, on which is proudly displayed the motto, "*Semper Faciens*."

The half-world, too, of whose existence the other half knows so much and yet so little, was present in full force with flowers, sparkling champagne, lobster-salad, and all the fun of the fair. Here sat stately, as of old, the old Duchess Sarah of Stückenbaskitt, calmly contemplating the throes of the excited throng. From highest to lowest, all are eager about the one business of the day. The Gipsies, ready

for their *al fresco* dinner, have turned away from their fire, and have put the pot on the field, while within the refreshment-tent, excited Waiters are running for a plate, and the Sporting Admiral has just managed to place himself in time to come in a good third for the cup.

Previous to the great event of the day there were the usual number of small races, over which a considerable amount of "stuff" changed hands, though the public interest was, of course, centred in the Derbys.

First on the correct card was a flat race for the Consolation Stakes. The entries for this were entirely confined to those who, through ignorance of sporting matters, had been heavy losers through the week. A purse had been made for them by the Ladies. It is needless to say that Lawyer Ferret and the Honourable Pullman were *not* among the competitors.

One of the prettiest sights of the day was the

Maiden Race, run in costume. The prize for this was provided by the Bachelors of the County; and nowhere, save in Great Britain, could be seen so many fine, fresh, sport-loving Damsels, in their pink and white colours, as are brought together on such an occasion. Attractive as is the spectacle, however, we must not linger near the ropes, in order to bestow too much attention on it. Suffice it to record here, that the Maiden Race was won by Miss Gussy Gandar, mounted on a hot chestnut, to which she gave a regular roasting with her jewel-mounted whip.

"He's only a Plater," said Gussy, radiantly, as dismounting, she threw herself into the arms of Sir Thomas Dodd.

"True; but, '*Plater*, thou reasonest well,'" was Sir Thomas's quiet reply. They had too serious work before them to allow of any spare time for the pleasantries of society.

Three hundred horses—foals, colts, mares, fillies—had been entered for the Great Race.

They were all there; not a screw loose.

Moka is here, and the *Invisible Prince*.

The *Prince* is not to run. He is only here in case of any accident to *Moka*, by whose side stands Cavasson, the Dumb Jockey of Jeddington, sparkling in the Tommy Dodd colours. Lawyer Ferret and the Honourable Pullman, among the crowd, watch him closely. They have given him two thousand pounds to win, but, feeling uncertain of him, they have been poisoning him all night, and are now waiting anxiously to see the effect.

Lady Di and Mrs. Asgood Azamyle are also among the spectators, in a barouche. Gussy, who has overheard their schemes, has told Sir Thomas everything.

"What's the odds?" asked a neophyte. He is informed that the bookmakers have backed

Moka, at thousands to nothing, to win the three Derbys in succession on this glorious day. Besides this, there is no betting.

Everyone is "on," and Stringhalt and William Button are pale and nervous.

Breathless was the excitement for the Great Event.

The Sporting Admiral, who had been riding at anchor about the course, and carrying a formidable whip, which he called his "screw-propeller," now entered the weighing-room to see the Jockeys get under weigh. Cavasson, being late for the post, could not be allowed to go without an extra penny. This was what the Trainer wanted. Every ha'porth of overweight made the Dodd victory more certain.

Stringhalt grasped William Button's arm. "Do you trust Cavasson?" he asked him, in a low, nervous whisper.

"I trust the animal—not the man," was the brief answer.

"What shall we do if we are floored?" asked the Trainer, in the same tone.

"Why, 'carpet' Cavasson," was the Stud Groom's stern rejoinder.

But there was no time for further parley. The Bell was already ringing, and the horses were settling down into their places.

"*Moka!*" "*Invisible Prince!*" "Cavasson!" were the names on every tongue. Anxious amateur bookmakers, who had been watching the market, might now be heard offering ponies in hoarse whispers.

Once more the Silver Trumpets sound, as the Judge, in his well-known Derby horse-hair wig, well powdered and curled, and wearing his scarlet and ermine, bows to the Royal box, and then takes his seat *in banco*. Below him sits the Clerk of the Course, in ordinary

barrister's costume, with the Correct Card before him, ready to call out the names and colours of the riders in proper order.

Sir Thomas has taken the odds all round.

Cavasson, who only speaks on his fingers, is now beginning to take the odds freely.

This caused a temporary panic among the bookmakers. But on Stringhalt and William Button backing *Moka* to win, the feeling of security returned, and the betting went on again merrily.

Lawyer Ferret and his *Fidus Achates* the Honourable Pullman have issued secret orders to all the jockeys—simply these: "*When the word to start is given, hold hard. Squeeze Invisible Prince. Wait on Moka, and if* CAVASSON *does not use whip or spur, then let everyone belabour his animal, and urge him forward. Let the crowd press on him: he must go. If all the rest persistently stay behind, and shove*

Moka on, Moka MUST *win, even though the race takes three or four hours.*"

Sir Thomas felt that the Jeddington Dodd estates were in the hands of Cavasson. His fortune and his wife were the stakes he was playing for on this his Bridle day.

The Judge has arisen, and silence has been proclaimed by the Ushers. For an instant thousands might have been heard to drop all over the course. Cavasson's heart palpitates violently, and so great is his excitement, that his colours come and go.

Sir Thomas Dodd grips Gussy's hand, while William Button and Stringhalt keep their eyes fixed on the Dumb Jockey, who for all his agitation, sits, apparently to the crowd, an immovable, impassible, wooden figure.

The Starter calls over the names, as his assessors, the Two Probable Starters, note them down in their books.

All are present.

There is only one duty for the Police to perform before the start. They have to see that everything is laid level all round, so that there may be no obstruction to the running.

"*One . . . . two . . . . three . . . . and*——"

A piercing scream interrupted the Starter! It proceeded from Cavasson, the Dumb Jockey, who, as if in a fit before the start, suddenly threw up his arms in the air, and reeled heavily in the saddle.

CHAPTER VII.

"SETTLING THE FIRST EVENT."

THAT scream which had so alarmed the field was *not* Cavasson's. It came from Mrs. Asgood Azamyle, who was seated in Lady Di Briteleigh's barouche writing a last letter to Sir Thomas Dodd.

Oh, these last letters! these X, Y, Z's of Love's Alphabet!

Woe's me; but we all do it, though sometimes we rue it; but so it will be till the end of the world. The wily Irish Lord Chancellor Thurramough was right for once when he said, "These are letters that ought to be written with a sheep pen on a calf's skin."

No one understood what he meant at the time, but experience has proved the justice, as well as the wit, of the remark.

In a firm hand Mrs. Asgood Azamyle traced the following lines :—

GUSSY *will not love you. She can't. She may laugh if you tickle her under the chin, but it's the same old game. I have stooped to plot, because I love you so grandly, so madly. Rumour says your hands are to be tied at your marriage. If so, how will you put on the ring? The ring, indeed! Are you to give up the betting ring for the wedding-ring? Bah! I've never blenched, and would not now. I scorn sentiment. Let them all have a mate but me, what matters, or rather what maters? After this observation, perhaps, you will not care to see me. To-morrow I shall be all abroad. Address me France. Pay your addresses, as the postage*

comes heavy. I shall be all there. Thine for ever, your

A. DORA.

P.S.—If Pullman Carr *can mar your Three Derbys he will.*

Lady Di Briteleigh was looking over her shoulder and copying the letter word for word.

Mrs. Asgood Azamyle, turning suddenly, caught her at it. This turning suddenly had soured her. She was relentless.

One moment and the bright steel flashed in the air—another, and it was in the inkstand, for Lady Di had screamed, and all eyes were on the barouche.

Mrs. Asgood Azamyle tossed the letter to Sir Thomas, and then was carried away by her feelings to a distant part of the course. Lady Di, with a bottle of chloral in her hand,

remained to witness the result of the race, which her emotion has so suddenly and so strongly interrupted.

In the meantime, unable to effect a satisfactory start, the horses were going round and round a tall post, while a barrel-organ, worked by machinery, played various well-known airs. For this advantageous exercise each jockey had paid a penny. The rich tones of the old organ had a salutary and soothing effect on the men and horses.

Lawyer Ferret and the Honourable Pullman Carr stood by, eying them narrowly as they passed in rotation. Had Cavasson been bought or not?—that was the question. The crafty solicitor, and the equally astute Honourable had sent him bouquets, bills of the play, and blank unsigned cheques to any amount, but could they be sure of him? This was rather an open way of buying a jockey, but it had

answered before; and was it to be questioned now?

Once more the trumpets sounded, the bell rang, and the gong sounded.

"They are off!" "He's off!" "No, I'm on!" "They 're *all* off!" "No, all on!"

Ha!!! They're away at last!!!

No! Not one of them stirred. Each jockey, true to his bargain with Lawyer Ferret, reined in his horse, and remained at the starting-point. Lawyer Ferret had squared the jockeys on all points, save one. This he was compelled to leave to their own choice. It was a critical moment; but all at once the Lawyer exclaimed gleefully, "That was all that was wanted! They have done it! They have squared their elbows!" And so they had.

By order of the Starter the police were ordered to pull the horses. The Judge had decided that a horse, if thus pulled, might fairly

win. If the other horses would not stir a peg, no more would *Moka.* On the contrary, she backed in among the crowd, and was gradually working her way to the last place in the field. It was thus that her clever jockey Cavasson was backing her to win.

The bookmakers were frantic; they had laid their skins on Cavasson winning on *Moka.* Not a chance of her stirring at present. There sat Cavasson on *Moka,* calm, serene, impassible!

"Back her! back her!" cries Sir Thomas, excitedly. "We *have* backed her!" exclaimed the Bookmakers despairingly, beginning to think they had been let in for a regular snorter.

But Cavasson has his game to play. He has not been idle for months, and the horse has been under the hands of the most adept of circus trainers.

At a signal from Cavasson, *Moka,* paying no attention to the lashes from the whips of the

jockeys, who are belabouring her heavily, rears on her hind legs, and paws the air, cleaving a wide space around her.

"Two for her heels!" shouted Stringhalt, who was in the secret. And immediately the clever cob reversed the action.

Jockeys and horses fell right and left of her, as Cavasson waved a flag, and fired a couple of pistols in the air; while William Button, who was hidden behind the Starter's box, shook a sheet of iron to represent thunder, and Gussy, from her brougham, threw squibs in among the troubled mass of horses.

Further attempts to hold them back were useless. Maddened by the fireworks and the sheet iron, the horses broke away, and the jockeys, losing all control, tumbled off, and were picked up by the police. "Keep your seats, Gentlemen! keep your seats!" shouted the infuriated Starter. Then he grumbled to

himself, "I've never seen such a start as this before!"

"Don't move on my account!" shrieked Sir Thomas to Cavasson.

The Dumb Jockey nodded to his employer, as *Moka* quietly backed against the starting-post, while all the other horses tore madly onward, in spite of the strenuous efforts of their jockeys—onward, onward, in a whirlwind of dust, round Tottenham Road Corner, up the hill, down the hill, and through the Middle Park, amid the execrations of the furious Book-makers, who were on the *Moka* colt to their last shoestring.

The boy in yellow won the day! *Moka* was last of all, still waltzing on her hind legs, a few yards in advance of the starting-post. Sir Thomas clasped Gussy round the waist in silent gratitude. The first Derby had been lost! Thank Heaven for that!

NOTES TO FOREGOING CHAPTER.

From the Editor to Major Jawley Sharp.—Dear Major, of course you know the names of those places better than myself; but isn't it Tattenham Corner, not Tottenham. Eh?—Yours, ED.

DEAR EDITOR,—You're thinking of Tattersall's. Quite right of you to *ask*.—M. J. S.

From the Editor to Major Jawley Sharp.—You will excuse me, I am sure, but was there ever a Derby like this? Isn't it going just a trifle too far?

From Major Jawley Sharp to the Editor.—Was there ever . . . such a dear old Neddy as you are? A Derby like *this*, my boy? Rather. Don't you remember *Ben Bolt* in *Sweet Alice's* year? If not, look in at *Bell's Life* office, and ask the Sub-Editor. He'll tell you who's right. As to "going too far"—you just come down *here*, and that'll be far enough for *you*.—Yours, J. S.

P.S.—By the way, my friend, Sir H. Walker, will call on you. He is coming down here. So send on cheque by him. He will give you my address, and

you can follow on as soon as you like. The sooner the better.—J. S.

The Editor to Major Jawley Sharp.—(*By wire.*)—Sir . H . called . took . cheque . says . your . address . Bogus . Park . Boshey . Herts . Is . it . near . Ware?

Major Jawley Sharp to the Editor.—(*By wire.*)—Cheque . right . come . day . after . to . Bogus . Park . Boshy . Know . Ware? . Get . out . there . to-morrow.

The Editor to the Public.—As the novel is to be finished at once, we shall certainly go down to Bogus Park, and if we can arrange with the Major to give us another at some future time, why, be it so, we will.

NOTE APPENDED TO PRESENT EDITION.

To Captain Hawley Smart.—The above correspondence, my dear H. S., shows the sort of man with whom the unfortunate, but amiable, Editor was dealing.

Yours truly,

F. C. P.

CHAPTER VIII.

"THE TREBLE EVENT."

AT his wit's end, Lawyer Ferret hit upon a plan to retrieve the fortunes of the day.

"He must lose three Derbys in succession, must he not?" asked the astute Lawyer of the Honourable Pullman.

"Yes, so says the Will," was the answer. "And if he doesn't, the property is mine."

"Is ours," the Lawyer rejoined, with grim humour.

Lady Di, seated in the barouche, laid her nervous hand on a diamond-hilted poniard she wore at her girdle.

Mrs. Azamyle, who had just returned to herself, trembled. She did not like poniards.

Lawyer Ferret had arranged it in two seconds with the Bookmakers and Owners.

The Bell rang for the next Derby.

There were no starters, except *Moka* and the *Invisible Prince.*

"Now," exclaimed the Honourable Pullman, "he's done. With one or the other, he *must* walk over the course, and *win.* Ha! ha!"

But Mr. Stringhalt raised his hat, and begged the Honourable Gentleman's pardon. He (Mr. Stringhalt) had just purchased the *Invisible*, and had backed him heavily.

As he had said, the *Invisible* won. *Moka* nowhere.

"Hooray!" cried Sir Thomas, while Lawyer Ferret and the Honourable Pullman absolutely danced with rage and disappointment.

A storm was brewing. The Bookmakers, over two hundred of them, utterly ruined by following Lawyer Ferret and the Honourable

Pullman's advice, began to eye the pair threateningly.

There was yet another race.

"*Moka must* win—*shall* win this time," screamed Lawyer Ferret, as with the Honourable Pullman, who was now dressed as a Jockey, he furiously approached Cavasson, intending to tear him from his horse, and throw him down the hill, when Pullman would get up, and win on *Moka*.

But it would have been easier to have torn a Precentor from his stall than to drag the Dumb Jockey from off *Moka's* back.

"Base villains!" screamed the two hundred ruined Bookmakers, who were no uninterested spectators of the exciting scene.

"Base!" echoed Lawyer Ferret, in a deep voice. "Base! We must be *base* for the *treble* event."

But they were not to be mollified with a

witticism, and already they were taking off their coats, and turning up their sleeves.

Yet there was *one* chance !—just one !

If the Honourable Pullman Carr could but substitute himself for the Dumb Jockey ! Then, once mounted on *Moka*, he would force the obstinate animal to gallop for dear life, and, by winning the third Derby with one of the Jeddington Dodd Lot, the two previous races would go for nothing.

Lawyer Ferret, the Honourable Pullman, and Cavasson the Dumb Jockey, were engaged in a deadly struggle. The two former, animated by despair, put forth all their strength. A loud shout went up from the Bookmakers.

Cavasson could resist no longer. The surcingle was loosened, the girths gave way, and he tumbled to the ground—an inert mass.

In a second the Honourable Pullman was on *Moka's* back.

One flash of the whip! one flourish of his spurs in the air! and—he was off.

Off, but not thrown. *Moka's* heels were light and quick, but the Honourable Pullman's seat was as sure as if he 'd been elected without a dissentient voice.

Moka would not stir.

Lady Di and Mrs. Azamyle screamed and waved their handkerchiefs in their frenzied excitement.

Gussy, in her brougham, leant back fainting. Was she about to lose her lover and her happiness for ever? Oh, if *Moka* would only be firm! if she would but lie down and refuse to move! One of the others might win the Derby, and *Moka* be last of all.

Lawyer Ferret suddenly reappeared, bearing a long pole with bright, gleaming, attractive vegetables, such as *Moka* loved, fixed at one end.

This he gave to the Honourable Pullman.

In an instant he saw his plan. A gleam of hope shone on the pallid countenances of the Bookmakers.

The Honourable Pullman rested the pole between *Moka's* ears, so that the tempting bait of carrots and green vegetables hung within a few inches of the animal's clear-scenting nose. Highly trained as *Moka* was, yet she was not gifted with such common sense as might have told her that no amount of galloping would bring her one fraction nearer the coveted prize.

Yet—off she started—full gallop.

A ringing cheer went up from the Bookmakers, who now ran along by the course, laying the odds, right and left, on what was evidently a certainty.

What were the odds?

Why, two thousand to one *on Moka!!!*

And where was Sir Thomas Dodd?

In the middle of her career, Sir Thomas, standing on the top of Gussy's brougham, was offering three thousand to one *on Invisible Prince*, and taking all the odds he could get against *Moka*.

The Bookmakers, relying upon Lawyer Ferret and the Honourable Pullman Carr, took him in every direction at once. They backed *Moka* for millions. They were determined to skin the lamb that day, and the lamb was Sir Thomas Dodd. "Done! Done! Done!"

But *Invisible Prince*, who has been nowhere at first, is now creeping up alongside. And who has been put up to ride?

Is it possible? Yes! There is no doubt about it! There are the black, purple, green, red, and orange stripes!

It is Cavasson, the Dumb Jockey of Jeddington.

Tottenham corner is passed. *Moka* first, *Invisible Prince* second ; the rest nowhere.

Suddenly, from the crowd, the report of a pistol is heard. *Moka*, thoroughly trained, knows the signal. She drops, as though shot. There she lies, quietly eating the carrots and the greens, with the Honourable Pullman wedged in, under her. No effort of her Honourable rider could extricate himself, or get her to move. There he lay—a prisoner. Lawyer Ferret tore his hair and cursed, but he was borne onward by the rush of two hundred Bookmakers.

It was William Button who had fired the pistol. He had had a long experience in the Comic business of a Circus, and this was one of the tricks he had taught *Moka*.

"Hoorah! Hoorah! Hoopla tchk!"

Cheers from the Grand Stand. Cheers from the honest public. Groans and execrations from the two hundred Bookmakers.

The Numbers are up—

Invisible Prince . . . 1

The rest Nowhere.

"Thanks, Cavasson!" cried Sir Thomas Dodd, deeply affected. "You have saved the honour and name of Dodd!"

"But," screamed Lawyer Ferret, "you have forfeited the estates!" You have *not* lost three Derbys in succession!"

Sir Thomas smiled, as, from behind the Judge's box, an elderly gentleman stepped calmly forward, with a parchment in his hand. Ferret recognised him. It was Mr. Grazin Lane, the well-known Chancery Interpleader.

Mr. Grazin Lane bowed politely to Lawyer Ferret, and the Honourable Pullman. Then he said,

"Excuse me; I am a little hoarse."

A yell came up from the Bookmakers, who

were in no humour for a jest. Mr. Grazin Lane continued calmly,

"This is no joke for any one. I have here several legal documents, but, if you will allow me, I will skip over what is unnecessary."

"Skip!" they cried, like one man.

Mr. Grazin Lane bowed, skipped over the legal forms, and then, after taking the necessary steps, he cleared his voice at a bound, and thus addressed the assembly.*

---

* *From Editor to Public.*—Telegram just arrived. It *is* to be finished next week. Last chapter not here yet. Shall bring it up with me on my return from the Major's, Bogus Park, Boshey, where, I'll be bound, they are keeping Christmas in true old English fashion.—ED.

PRIVATE NOTE TO THIS EDITION.

To Captain Hawley Smart.—Thus you see, my dear H. S., the Editor was trusting this person to the very last! Such is life! Yours ever, F. C. B.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

"TAKEN AND OFF!"

"A CODICIL has been found to old Sir Thomas's will," said Mr. Grazin Lane, "which alters the foregoing conditions. Sir Thomas is to retain the estates for ever, on the understanding that he *loses Two Derbys together—his horse coming in last*—which has been done—and that he WINS THE THIRD, the others being nowhere—which also has been done."

Lawyer Ferret could not speak for several seconds.

"*Moka*," said Stringhalt, "is not dead, Billy!"

Thus summoned William Button advanced to the middle of the course, and cried,

"Hi! here's a policeman coming!"

Whereupon, *Moka* rose quickly, kicked out at the prostrate form of the Honourable Pullman, and galloped off.

Along the course, with deadly precision, advanced the whole *corps* of the Royal Welshers.

Then the two hundred Bookmakers, ruined utterly, rushed forward, with a terrific yell, to wreak their vengeance on Lawyer Ferret and the Honourable Pullman.

Lawyer Ferret and the Honourable Pullman "went for" over two million,—but neither of them got it, except from the two hundred infuriated Bookmakers, and then they got it hot.

These pitiless savages knew they had to do with men of straw.

* * * *

It was a fearful scene.

* * * *

The Honourable Pullman Carr contrived to

get by the Midland line to Liverpool. Thence he went to America.

Lawyer Ferret escaped in the darkness of the black night, and, unable to procure a cab, managed, with a solicitor's keen appearance, to convey himself to London. Only his confidential clerk could have recognised the crafty Lawyer as he arrived by appointment at the entrance to the Zoological Gardens (his shortest and most secluded route to the Metropolis), drawing up his own conveyance. Eluding the vigilance of the turnstile-man, and the watchfulness of the Keeper of the Seals, Lawyer Ferret crept up to the Tank House followed by his clerk.

The worst man in the world has some one to care for him. Lawyer Ferret wept. The Clerk having been a copying clerk in his youth, was, from the force of early training, compelled to imitate him. Then the Lawyer, placing his hand on the Seal, which had come out expect-

ing something to eat, murmured in a low voice, "I deliver this as my act and deed."

But there was no time for further parley; the two hundred ruined Bookmakers were on the wretched man's track.

Lawyer Ferret pulled from his pocket a draught. It was one of his own drawing, and he knew beforehand its deadly effect. He bade the Clerk give it to him slowly. The Clerk obeyed, and gradually, slowly but surely, Lawyer Ferret went on until he had taken down the entire draught.

Then the Clerk left him; for he knew the end had come, at last.

* * * * *

Lady Di Briteleigh and Mrs. Asgood Azamyle went abroad together. From Naples they ascended Vesuvius and arrived at the crater, where, unhappily they fell in with two

young men, whose names the newspapers, in recording the sad event, failed to make public.

* * * * *

The Stringhalts are comfortably settled at Jeddington, and Mr. William Button has something good for the Three Thousand next year. We believe it is *Little Pitcher* out of *Moka* by *Neddy*.

"We call her *Little Pitcher*," said Mr. Button, "on account of her long ears."

"I had only been purtendin'," said Cavasson, smiling, when asked to explain how it was that he had contrived to speak. It was by this artful plan he had managed to circumvent his master's enemies.

* * * * *

As for Gussy Gandar, of course within a few days she became the bride of Sir Thomas Dodd.

"As long as you're happy," murmured Lady Gussy—

"*What's the Odds?*" said Sir Thomas, completing the sentence, as they sat at the wedding-breakfast, on which occasion the great speech of the eventful day was made by Cavasson, who having recovered his speech, now made it at great length, until he was interrupted by three hearty cheers for *the Dumb Jockey of Jeddington.*

TO THE PUBLIC.

EXPLANATORY NOTE, BY THE EDITOR.

We owe it to our readers. Unfortunately, the last Chapters of the Novel were in print before we were able to return to town and prevent their publication. We saw through it at the commencement, at least we mistrusted it as a Sporting Novel, and had we been only a little less diffident, we should never have permitted the intelligence of our readers to be insulted by having *this* work foisted upon them as a genuine Sporting Novel by a true Sportsman.

We have been grossly deceived. We admit it. But never again. *There is no such person as Major Jawley Sharp!* We never met him at a friend's house; no conversation ever took place between us; he is totally unknown to Captain Hawley Smart, whose Novel, *Bound to Win*, in *Bell's Life*, is, though in different vein, not a whit behind his other successes in *Courtship*, *Two Kisses*, &c., and in fact, the

whole affair is a swindle from beginning to end. Unfortunately, we have only just discovered it; not, however, without considerable trouble, and at great personal inconvenience. The pretended Major had invited us down to "*Bogus Park*, near *Boshey*," the Station for which place he said was *Ware*. A friend of his—perhaps the Impostor himself in this character—called at our office, and, after telling us that we were expected the next day at Bogus Park, where our room was prepared, where there was a *quiet horse* at our disposal, and the best of everything awaiting our arrival, he received from us a handsome cheque (luckily, *on account*), for which he said he was authorised to give a receipt on behalf of his friend Major J. S., who could not come up to town, it being a hunting day, and Bogus Park being full of visitors. He departed, and the next day we started for Ware, intending to arrive at Bogus in time for dinner. On descending at the Station, there was no carriage to meet us, but a boy stepped forward on hearing our question put to the Station-Master as to the whereabouts of Bogus Park, and delivered a letter in the Major's handwriting. It apologised for not sending a carriage, but begged us to take a fly, *at his expense*,

and tell the man to drive straight to the House, a distance of about six miles, when, to prevent any *contretemps*, he (Major J. S.) would send to meet us at the Cross Roads. "And," added a P.S., "don't forget our dinner hour is 7.30 sharp." We gave the boy sixpence, who immediately disappeared, and a fly having been found, we stowed away our luggage (two portmanteaus, a carpet-bag, a hatbox, and rugs), and started for Bogus Park, which the Flyman said *he thought he knew, but wasn't sure;* adding that, "Anyhow, if the Gentleman's agoing to meet us at the Cross Roads, about six miles from here, that'll be all right, *as I think I know which cross roads he means.*" It was by this time six o'clock, but there was an hour and a half to dinner, and though it was a trifle colder than in town, and the rain was beginning to come down pretty heavily, yet, at all events, there was a cheerful room to look forward to in an old country mansion, a hearty welcome from a hospitable Squire, the best of everything, a brilliant party, and dinner at 7.30 sharp.

Thus meditating, we fell into a dreamy doze, then into a pleasant slumber. We were awoke by a sudden stoppage. It was dark. The wind was howl-

ing. The rain was beating against the windows and sides of the fly. The driver, shivering and drenched, opened the door, thereby admitting a hurricane and a shower, and said, "'Ere's the Cross Roads, Sir, but I don't see nobody."

"We must wait," we said, cheerily. "No doubt we are a little before our time." Our watch marked 7.30 exactly. We had slumbered for an hour and a half. "You've been a long time," we said, reproachfully, to the Flyman. "Very bad roads this time o' year," he replied.

We waited. Seven forty-five! The Major had told me, in his letter, that dinner was at "7.30 sharp." Evidently, he had got tired of waiting for us, and had gone home to dinner. Too bad of him, or too bad of the Flyman for being so long over the journey. There was nothing for it but to drive on. "As no one is coming," we said, still cheerily, so as to keep the Flyman in a good temper, "you had better drive on to Bogus Park." "Which direction's that in, Sir?" asked the Flyman. "Why," we returned, "don't *you* know? It's Major Jawley Sharp's house —Major Jawley Sharp, the great Sporting Novelist, the Country Squire; he has a house full of company;

he hunts regularly. Why, hang it!" we said, being a trifle exasperated by the blank, puzzled expression of his countenance, "you *must* know where Major Jawley Sharp lives!" "No, blessed if I do," he replied, emphatically. "I've lived in these parts, man and boy, for a matter of thirty year or more, and never heard tell o' such a name, or o' such a place as Bogus Park."

There was a pause. We reflected on bucolic ignorance; we debated within ourselves by what means we could bring the Major and his mansion to this rustic's memory. The Flyman's eye winked. He leered at us! Aha! he knew: we felt he knew at last. The Flyman spoke. "I say," he observed, cunningly, "*You're a playing your tricks on me!* But it won't do. I knows one as good as two o' *that!*"

This was irritating. We put it to his common sense, "What on earth could be the fun to *us* of driving about Hertfordshire, hungry and tired, in the wind and rain, for the sake of playing a practical joke on an unknown flyman?" He listened to reason, and presently it occurred to him that he did know a place answering the description we gave *of what we*

supposed Bogus Park to be like, about five miles off. To this place we drove. It was nine o'clock before we arrived. After some delay at the Lodge, we were informed that no one of the name of Major Sharp lived there, or was known in those parts. The old gatekeeper thought she had heard the name, some years ago, when she lived with her Aunt on Goose Green, *the other side of the county*. Her little boy suddenly remembered that there was a Major Something who hunted, and lived in a Park, about seven miles off. This was a gleam of light. Having rewarded the boy with sixpence, we drove on. Twice we lost our way. It could be hardly called "*losing* our way," as we were in utter ignorance of the locality, and the Flyman knew very little about "*this part of the country*." By dint of climbing up signposts, with a carriage-lamp in his hand (which, fortunately, he was able to light), and reading the directions, we managed to make some progress northwards. For miles and miles we drove, but no sign of any big house could we see. Parks there were, indeed, but no Lodges visible, and no gates. The roads were rough, sloshy, stodgy, and, in many parts, evidently only used by the heaviest carts. At last, the driver

took a wrong turning, went bumping and stumbling down a narrow lane, and, finally, the weary horse stuck fast in the heaviest clay soil. On each side was a flooded ditch; in front was a gate leading into a field. The rain was pelting worse than ever. The Flyman hadn't the smallest notion of where he'd got to. Then, for the first time, we began to lift up our voice, and bless Major Jawley Sharp. And, all the while, we knew that the last chapters of his idiotic Sporting Novel were being sèt up in type, and we should be unable to get back in time to prevent its publication. Cold, hungry, wet, miserable—not so wet as the Flyman, though—we asked *what could* be done? The Flyman suggested that he should take the lamp, go through the gate, enter the plantation, and walk till he found some Keeper's lodge, where he could make inquiries. To this we assented. He disappeared, leaving us in the lane, in charge of the fly and horse, and one lamp. For an hour we awaited his return. He did *not* return. It was nearly twelve before we decided that the only course was to turn the fly round, and drive back into the road. We began trying this. The lamp went out. The horse *wouldn't* do what we wanted. We coaxed, pulled,

struggled, and were in a perspiration of despair. The horse was dead beat, and stumbled. In another second the fly gave a lurch, and was over, luggage and all—into the ditch. While we were executing a sort of clog-dance in the stodgy slosh, wasting our strength in vain endeavours to find our hat and umbrella, the bell of (apparently) a distant cathedral boomed over the marshes. Midnight!

* * * * *

We were laid up in the Inn at Ware all next day. The Flyman turned up in the afternoon. The luggage arrived by instalments, finishing with a shapeless something, which had once been our new hat. The Flyman explained that when he had entered the plantation, he had been captured as a poacher, and locked up. The expenses of that night, including damages to horse and fly, were enormous. Prostrated by a severe cold, and unable to move, we searched county guides, read the history of Hertfordshire, and examined intelligent natives. No information whatever about Bogus Park: no one had ever heard of such a place, or such a person as Major Jawley Sharp.

And on the previous day we had sent him a cheque by his friend!

* * * * * *

Arrived in town. Letter from Major J. S. :—

Dear Eddy,—Afraid you must have had a rough time of it. Bogus Park looks well at night, doesn't it? The Quiet Horse I'd got for you, I leave for you here—*at the Office—as a mark of my esteem. Don't ride it too hard in Rotten Row. Cheque cashed all right. Adoo! Adoo!—Yours ever, J. S.*

P.S.—You won't want another Sporting Novel in a hurry, will you! Eh, Slyboots?

We went down-stairs. Where was the Quiet Horse?

No one knew anything about such an animal. The brave Commissionnaire at our front office door, suddenly remembered that a man had called yesterday, from a second-hand furniture shop, and, on receiving half-a-crown, on our account, in our absence, from our head-clerk, had left *a common painted deal towel-horse!* Tied to it was an envelope, on which was written, in the Major's hand—

"*The quietest horse out. I told you so. If I'm* Jawley Sharp, *you are* Jawley Green."

* * * * * *

There was also a note from Captain Hawley Smart, Author of *Bound to Win*, now running in *Bell's Life*. We place it before our readers :—

Dear Sir,—I have not the smallest idea who the person calling himself Major Jawley Sharp *is. I do not know him. I have never heard of him. From his Novel* (*?*) *I learn that he is grossly and stupendously ignorant of all matters connected with Sport. Whenever and wherever I meet him, I shall give him precious good cause to remember the impression made on him by*

Yours sincerely, H. S.

This settles it. The Detectives are engaged. We fancy the Major is not unknown to the Impostor who, some time ago, pretended to accompany H.R.H. the Prince during his Indian tour, and sent us letters from "YOUR REPRESENTATIVE IN INDIA." If so, we *think* we can put our hand on both at once. *Nous verrons!* It flashes across us suddenly as an idea that the boy who appeared at the Ware Station, with

a letter from the arch-impostor, and to whom we gave sixpence, was the very boy whom long ago we entrusted with half a sovereign to go out and buy an Anglo-Indian Dictionary, and who never returned. If so, he has become one of this gang of swindlers. He may yet be reclaimed,—if we can only catch him. —ED.

EPIGRAPH.

To Captain Hawley Smart, Author of "Two Kisses," "Bound to Win," "Courtship," &c., &c.

Dear Captain,

You have seen with your own eyes the evidence of this literary fraud. Your conduct has been *noble*, more than noble, throughout, and your letter admirable! If I can be of any assistance to you in tracking this impostor to his lair (I use this expression under your experienced correction—for I believe "tracking to a lair" *is* a genuine sporting phrase,—if not, you catch the idea, and that is sufficient) you may count upon me. I do not know whether you are as expert in arithmetic as you are in the science of sport, but, if so, you will understand

what I mean, when I invite you to "*count upon me.*" Wishing you several good runs with the hounds—you are a good runner—a first-rate spin with your tops, a comfortable and reasonable fly for your salmon-fishing—(you can get a fly for half-a-crown an hour at most places, and why give more?)—a first-rate season with the black game among the moors, and magnificent sport here, there, and everywhere, I remain, in expectation of hearing some news of you, *per hamper*, of several brace (you understand),

Yours sincerely,

F. C. BURNAND.

To CAPT .H. SMART,
BELFRY LODGE,
STEEPLE CHASE,
WESTCENTRALSHIRE.

THE END.

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